

CHARIVARIA.

By a stroke of the pen, President ROOSEVELT has brought about an immense and much needed increase in the number of American comic writers.

Mr. HALDANE is being hailed at Berlin as a friend of Germany. We hope he will not find it necessary to give further proofs of his friendship. Our Army has been reduced quite enough.

One does not often look to Russia for guidance, but the CZAR is now increasing the number of his Guards.

A witness in a recent case in the Hawaiian Court was named KAIKINAKAO-ILILIKEA LENOIKAINAKAHIKIAPUOKALANI. He is, we hear, to be elected an honorary Welshman.

At a marriage at Blackpool, the bride, with the consent of the bridegroom, omitted the undertaking to obey him. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Wives won't obey when they promise to. Perhaps they will when they don't promise to—though it *may* prove necessary to make them promise not to.

Mr. J. OGDEN ARMOUR has written a book entitled *The Packers and the People* to prove that the former do not pack the latter. At the same time we read only the other day, in an American magazine, a story in which the hero was admitted to be "a well-preserved man of sixty."

The discovery of the whooping-cough bacillus is announced. We understand that it is quite the noisiest microbe in existence, and it is not impossible that one day these little creatures will take the place of house-dogs.

The sea-side is creeping nearer to London every day. Gravesend now has an artificial beach, and it is rumoured that Wapping is to have a troupe of Pierrots next year.

The statement published by many newspapers to the effect that the late Mr. WILLING was the pioneer of advanced advertising is disputed by more than one well-known novelist.

A discussion is raging in *The Express* on the subject of "The tiny waist." We wonder if it is generally known that one of the most determined opponents of this silly custom is Mr. HALDANE.

A clever American surgeon has succeeded in transferring some of the internal organs of certain cats and dogs to others. The fun will begin when an original owner meets a transferee, and



Irritated Bus-driver (to Policeman). "WISH YOUR OLD WOMAN COULD SEE YER."

insists on having his property back again.

"Are we becoming less religious?" Not at Hayward's Heath, at any rate. A gentleman living there beat his wife with a rolling-pin, the other day, and chased her down a street, thrashing her with a garden tool, because she refused to get him his breakfast in time for him to attend early morning service.

LITTLE ECONOMIES.

RADIUM should be bought in small quantities owing to the fact that damp soon makes it musty. If, however, a good deal be required, it should be stored in a barrel with holes in the lid to ensure proper ventilation.

A cheap and effective way of ridding a house of mosquitos is to sleep in the garden.

If a diamond necklace has lost its lustre, do not send it to a jeweller's for treatment. Hang it on a tree in your front garden for a week. After this fresh-air cure you will never complain again of its lack of lustre.

Porphyry doorsteps are exceedingly fragile and stand the weather badly. It will prove an economy if they are made removable. When a ring is heard at the door the servant can bring out the step, the visitor can use it, and then it may be carried in again. Thus with a little care the longevity of a porphyry doorstep may be greatly extended.

When clocks go too fast never send them to the maker's to be altered. Drop a little sloe gin in the works.

If a gas-meter should be out of order and fail to register the full amount of gas passing through, never send for a plumber. "Let well alone" should be the economical householder's motto.

LIGHT BLUE AND CRIMSON.

(A Song for the Cambridge and Harvard Crews.)

THERE were nine true men of Harvard, and they wished to
sail the sea,
And eight of them were sturdy men, as sturdy as could be;
For eight of them were rowing men and to the manner born,
But one he was a coxswain bold who sat the seat of scorn.

(Chorus.)

So it's drive her all together, boys,
And mind your level feather, boys!
Oh, swing to it,
And spring to it,
And trim her when she rolls!
For it's fury, fight and tussle,
But without a hint of bustle,

While you fire your weary muscle with the ardour of your
souls!

There were nine true men of Harvard, and when they'd
beaten Yale
They all began with one accord to hanker for a sail;
"For now," they said, "we mean to try a bout of oars with
you
Who defend the pride of England and the flag of bonny blue."

When we heard that fiery challenge, oh we couldn't well be
dumb,
So we shouted back our answer, and they knew we meant to
come,
Knew we meant to come and race them, not for gold or gaudy
gems,
But for love and sport and friendship on the tideway of the
Thames.

Then they crossed the fierce Atlantic and they came to us
from far,
They whose mother is our Cambridge too, whose faithful sons
we are.
And we faced them and embraced them here as brothers of
the blade;
And they said we did them honour, but they didn't seem
afraid.

* * * * *
Now the light blue and the crimson flags are floating side by
side,
And the men are in their racing boats and out upon the tide;
And it's *rah—rah—rah!* for Harvard and her crimson flying
free,
And it's three good cheers for Cambridge and just another
three!

So we paddle to our stake-boats and there comes a hush of
death,
And the umpire holds his pistol and the watchers hold their
breath;
And it's "Steady, are you ready?" and, before there's time
to cough,
Lo, a flash, a roar, a rattle, and the racing-boats are off!

And it's all a blur of shouting and of steamers blowing steant,
And of launches close behind us that are churning up the
stream;
And it's Hammersmith and Chiswick and the noise of many
men,
While they spurt and we keep spurting as the coxes call
for ten.

And every man is plugging as he never plugged before,
With his feet upon his stretcher and his grip upon his oar;

And we've passed the "Ship" at Mortlake—but I wonder
which has won
Now the judge's flag has fallen and the mighty race is done!

(Chorus.)

So it's drive her all together, boys,
And mind your level feather, boys!
Oh, swing to it,
And spring to it,
And trim her when she rolls!
For it's fury, fight and tussle,
But without a hint of bustle,

While you fire your weary muscle with the ardour of your
souls!
R. C. L.

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1920.

(With acknowledgments to the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Press.)

May 1, 1920.—The cricket season opens to-day, and the
supporters of Anglesea are confident of retaining the Cham-
pionship. But it must be borne in mind that the five other
counties engaged to-day, Kent, Surrey, Essex, Yorkshire and
Notts, have not yet suffered a reverse.

May 4.—Anglesea have retained their percentage of 100,
and if they do not drop any more points they should be
well in the running for the Championship. Curiously enough,
Kent and Yorkshire have also 100%.

June 1.—A month has elapsed and we are only that much
nearer the result of the Championship.

June 29.—Yorkshire have now 77.77%. If they beat
Surrey, and Surrey beat Hants, Gloucestershire will still
have a percentage of 25.

July 4.—What a pity HAYWARD, the Grand Old Man of
Cricket, dropped that catch at 3 P.M. on June 12! Surrey
might now have been 66.66%. On the other hand they
might not.

July 20. The contest is now one of Bat v. Ball.

Aug. 3.—If Anglesea are beaten to-day, Surrey hope to be
Champions. They have hoped so ever since May.

Aug. 17.—It is still a contest of Bat v. Ball.

Sept. 2.—Anglesea and Yorkshire each have a percentage
of 71.9. If Anglesea beats Yorkshire it will have a per-
centage of 73.2. Conversely Yorkshire will have this per-
centage if Anglesea loses.

If the match is drawn, they will be equal. Such an un-
precedented event has not happened since 1918.

Sept. 5.—We are glad Yorkshire won. They are good
fighters, and every match has been an uphill one. Without
HIRST they would have been seventh or eighth. Besides, they
are all Yorkshiremen. At the same time it is worthy of
remark that 90.9% of the Anglesea team are also York-
shiremen.

CLUBS AND THE MAN.

["NELSON never succeeded in getting into a Club. To-day, however,
he would belong to the Rag or United Service."—*Tribune*.]

HENRY THE EIGHTH never succeeded in getting into any of
the well-known Clubs. To-day, however, he would doubtless
have been blackballed for the Bachelors.

DRAKE, had he lived, would have qualified for the Travellers.
A similar remark applies to COLUMBUS.

BEAU BRUMMELL might, in a lean year, have got into the
National Liberal Club.

WORDSWORTH would, probably, have had aspirations in the
direction of the Primrose Club; rather as a place of call on
his way up to the Lakes than for any political purpose.

The Primrose, off St. James' Street,
Was just, for him, a place to eat,
And it was nothing more.

CHARLES THE SECOND would have put up for the Playgoers.



CHIPS OF THE SAME OLD BLOCK.

THAMES (*the Jolly Waterman*). "WELL ROWED, HARVARD! WELL ROWED, CAMBRIDGE!
PROUD OF YOU BOTH, WHICHEVER WINS!"

I
tha
CR
Bu
nea
of
sig
of
hu
in
fro
Sa
con
be
rea
cy
a
No
W
cr
sti
de
sh
th
M
pe



Bowler (his sixth appeal for an obvious leg-before). "OW'S THAT?"
 Umpire (drawing out watch). "WELL, HE'S BEEN IN TEN MINUTES NOW—HOUT!"

"THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS."

To the memory of Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie.

If anything was needed to bring home the cruel hurt that the world of letters has had to bear in the loss of Mrs. CRAIGIE, there is this last book of hers, *The Dream and the Business*, whose appearance follows with so pathetic a nearness upon her death. The tireless courage and activity of mind which at last wore out the frail body show here no signs of surrender; only they have taken on a new tenderness of sentiment that grew with the growing years; a gentler humanity, a more poignant sense of the pitifulness of things in a world where the business of life is so often divorced from its dreams.

The book reminds one most of the manner of *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange*, while avoiding their aloofness from common experience; yet it is representative of all that was best in all her work—its clear-eyed breadth of vision, its reasoned serenity, its earnestness tempered with gaiety, its cynicism corrected by an understanding heart. It is largely a contrast, worked out with high impartiality, between the Nonconformist and the Roman Catholic attitudes of mind. Whether it is due to a more comprehensible quality in their creed or to the effect of Mrs. CRAIGIE's own early training, still vital with the unsuspected force of first impressions despite the later influence of an adopted faith, it seems that she has better succeeded in realising for us the characters of the Nonconformist *Firmaldens* than those of the Catholic *Marlesfords*, except in the strange afterthought by which she permits *Sophy Firmalden* to go over to the Roman Church.

Perhaps the chief interest of the book as a study in the interrelations of character will be found in the clash of a pagan intellect and passion (*Lessard's*, the child of nature) with these two antithetical types of Christian. But of all the many contrasted figures with which the book abounds, *Tessa Marlesford* ("the artist without an art") remains the most fascinating by the elusive childlikeness of her temperament, her ideals too vague for attainment or even definition, her appealing helplessness in the hands of circumstance.

Yet, for some, the most enduring attraction of the book will lie in its lucid ease and purity of style; for others, in its wealth of swift unerring criticisms of creed and custom, —epigrams easily detachable from their context, but nearly always appropriate to the lips that utter them; as when *Lady Marlesford*, speaking of the caste to which she belongs, says, "My aunt believes she is upper-class. The very belief is second-rate!" But at times Mrs. CRAIGIE foregoes the dramatic method and gives expression to her own philosophy of life. This may seem a flaw in the book's perfection to those who require all art to be objective. Yet it has the virtue, for those who never knew her, that by this self-revelation they are admitted to a certain intimacy with the author's heart.

For those who knew her well it is harder than ever, with this book before them, in which the unforgettable charm of her personality is so brightly reflected, to realise that the hand which wrote it is still in death; that for her "the business" of life is over, and "the dream" at length comes true.

O. S.

SPELLING REFORM.

GREAT MEETING AT SKEEBO CASTL.

(LATE SKIBO CASTLE).

A GREAT meeting to discuss the new scheme of spelling reform promulgated by President ROOSEVELT was held on Saturday last at Skeebo Castle, the picturesque Highland seat of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE. There was a large attendance, including the Duke and Duchess of SUTHERLAND, Professor CHURTON COLLINS, the Poet Laureate, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, Mr. H. G. WELLS, Lord AVEBURY, Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, Miss PANKHURST, Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. W. LE QUEUX, &c.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who took the Chair, opened the proceedings with music, tastefully performing a selection from WAGNER on his new electric orkestrogramofon. He then welcomed the distinguished company in a graceful speech. As for the scheme which they were met together to discuss he could not claim (he said) to be its originator. CHAUCER had forestalled him, and SHAKESPEARE, by the pathetic futility of his efforts to spell his own name twice running in the same way, was unconsciously the most powerful advocate of simplified spelling. He called upon Professor SKEAT to address the meeting.

Professor SKEAT, after a brief survey of the history of spelling reform, said that the time had come for them to break loose from the thralldom of BUTTER and MAYOR. Modern spelling, he continued, was neither one thing nor the other. Let all words be spelt with elaborate disregard for pronunciation—e.g., if phthisical was right and fitting, then bicycle should be spelt phbisical—or let them all conform to the rules laid down by President ROOSEVELT. As an instance of the confusion to which the existing method gave rise he mentioned the curious case of Lord TENNYSON, who was called ALUM, after Alum Bay, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, where his father, the late Laureate, lived. Most people, however, owing to the prevalence of Cockney habits, misspelt the name HALLAM, and as such it appeared even in books of reference.

Lord AVEBURY (who was greeted with cries of "Spell it with a B, my lord!"), said that some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent in observing the habits of spelling bees. For the rest he held that the pleasures of life would be greatly enhanced by the removal of any ambiguity between "ant" and "aunt." Phonetic spelling would inevitably discourage an identical pronunciation of these two words. As it was he found that remarks made by him on the nature of the aphides were frequently taken by his listeners to refer to certain of his female relatives. (Buzzes

of sympathy, in which his lordship joined with a prolonged hum).

The Chairman of the Society of Descriptive Reporters, whose name we did not catch, but rather think it was CHOLMONDELEY, said that he voiced the unanimous sentiment of the journalistic profession in denouncing the proposed reform as a mean and cheese-paring device. He had calculated that it would mean saving four lines in every hundred, which he would remind the meeting represented two glasses of beer, or for those of different persuasions a plate of jugged cabbage at the Eustace Miles Restaurant. He commended this aspect of the question to the Trade Unions of Great Britain and America.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, whose head was tastefully decorated with sable plumes and who was received with mute respect, said that he had recently paid a visit to America for no other purpose than to satisfy himself that the grave of JOSH BILLINGS was what it should be. He mentioned this because JOSH was really the father of the present *émeute* in orthographical circles.

Miss PANKHURST wished to know whether Mr. ASQUITH supported spelling reform or not. Her attitude towards the movement would be entirely determined by his—in the contrary direction. (Cheers.)

Mr. HENRY JAMES said that simplicity was the bane of literature. If they wanted a practical proof of his assertion he would ask them to note the demoralising effect of the new method on his own style. Mr. HENRY JAMES then proceeded to write on the blackboard the following passage from *The Golden Boud* :—

"MAGGY had suffishuntly intimated to the Prinse, ten minits be4, that she needed no shoing as to hwat thare frend woodnt consent to be taken 4; but the diffikulty now indeed was to chuse, for explisit tribute of admirashun, between the varietiz of her nobler aspekts. She karrid it off, to put the matter korsly, with a tast and diskreshn that held our yung wooman's attenshun for the furst kwarter of an our, to the vurry point of diverting it from the attitood of her overshadowed, her almost superseeded, kompanyon."

[Panic and cries for stretchers.

Mr. LE QUEUX, speaking in the picturesque patois of San Marino, pointed out the peculiar cruelty of a system which, if applied to surnames, would confound his identity with (1) a suburban botanical garden, (2) another novelist, (3) the crowd outside a theatre door.

Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, in an impassioned speech, hailed the scheme as one likely to accelerate the de-Anglicisation of Ireland. It was the glory of Erse that

it contained more superfluous letters than any other tongue. (Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON: "May I ask did the learned gentleman say 'Hearse'?" Dr. HYDE: "No, Erse." Mr. ASHTON: "I'm sorry.") English owed its partial toleration to a feeble imitation of this practice, but if forced on an unwilling people in a phonetic form would provoke an irresistible boycott. The day they tampered with the spelling of Youghal and Drogheda the doom of England's tyranny was sealed.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN pronounced himself an unhesitating supporter of the old régime. By it bards were allowed the privilege of employing eye rhymes, which would be impossible under the CARNEGIE-ROOSEVELT tyranny. The labours of a laureate, severe enough already, would be enhanced to an unendurable extent if this relaxation were denied them.

Professor CHURTON COLLINS also dissented strongly from the views expressed by the Chairman. He declared that a man who mutilated his mother-tongue should be indicted for matricide. The craze for phonetic spelling was a distinct sign of a criminal disposition, and if officially recognised would lead to pogroms in every village in the United Kingdom.

At this stage of the proceedings considerable consternation was excited by the appearance of a strange figure in rusty black with an unkempt wig in the gallery. "Sir," exclaimed the figure, "I little thought that the English language, which I laboured so assiduously to preserve, was destined to be mangled and mutilated by a Scottish plutocrat and a Dutch-American. The Serbonian bog of mythology is nothing compared to the Skibonian slough of ignorance." With these words the speaker hurled a large volume (which subsequently turned out to be *Johnson's Dictionary*) at the Chairman and disappeared in a cloud of polysyllables.

The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by one of the leading citizens of Dornoch, who humorously expressed the hope that in future they would not be confused with door-knockers.

"Motor Body."

"One man can change from a Tonneau to a Landalette, Shooting Brake, or Racing Car in two minutes, and, when fixed, cannot be told from ANY fixed body."—Adet. in "The Autocar."

THE disguise would certainly deceive one's nearest relations, but as likely as not one's dog would come up and give the whole show away by licking the sparking plug.

HENRY'S IDEA.

I.

OF THE SILLY SEASON.

If there's one man I hate, said HENRY, it is the cynic. You know MASTERS? Well, he's just been here, and I've been trying to talk to him about the Sea-serpent. Personally I believe in the Sea-serpent. I mean there are some pretty odd animals around already, aren't there? . . . Well, yes, MASTERS, for instance . . .

It beats me why people should be so ready to sneer at men who write to the papers about things—really important things like Sea-serpents and Dreams and "Do Women Help." I saw one letter on women helping signed "Mother of Thirteen," which seemed a pretty useful argument, and MASTERS said it was probably written by a man in the office. Well, of course it may have been; but it's much pleasanter to think of this fine woman working like mad to clothe and feed thirteen children, and even then getting time to sit down and write to the papers all about it.

Then there was a letter on Dreams by F. R. G. S. Well, I know his name may have been F. R. G. Smith, but I think it's much nicer to believe that he really is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society—got in on a by-election, perhaps. . . .

People are much too smart for me nowadays. MASTERS found me looking at *The Sportsman* the other morning. I was reading out a team to him, and we came to "A. BOWLER." MASTERS spent about half an hour wondering whether that stood for any well-known man. Why not ARTHUR BOWLER? I mean there's "Jack Straw's Castle" . . . and so on. Then there was a man in this team called BRIERLY. "Wonder if he's any relation to the Lancashire man," said MASTERS. "Oh, but he can't be," he added; "it's spelt differently." Well, why shouldn't they have been cousins?

I was sorry there were no letters this year on what we should do if we had a million pounds left us. That's the sort of topic that appeals to everybody. Personally I should buy a pen-knife first, because I've just lost mine; and then that would spoil the whole thing, because I should only have some ridiculous sum, all in nines, left, and one simply couldn't do anything with it. Still, I should have the knife, anyhow.

No, the best question on now is the Economy of Marriage one. A dear man from somewhere down the line says he has saved £50 a year by marrying. I think it's splendid of him, and he is so awfully happy about it . . . (She hadn't any money of her own. That's the sort of



He. "So THAT'S THE YOUNG THING OLD SLOCUM'S MARRIED! MAY AND DECEMBER—WHAT!"
She. "YES—OR THE FIRST OF APRIL AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!"

rotten remark MASTERS would make) . . . Of course you do save a lot in some ways. I know a man who has his hair trimmed every day, because you never know when you may meet your future wife, and the great thing is a good impression at the start. If he only had it done once a month, as likely as not he'd been introduced to her on the 31st, and that might put her off for good. Of course he'll save all that if he ever gets married.

Then there's the Cry of the Middle Classes. That doesn't interest me much, because I don't believe there are any middle classes. I've talked to lots of men and women about it, and somehow it's always been "They do this," and "They do that"; never "We." I think I should define the Middle Class as the "class below the person you are talking to," just as a Bounder is the man who does the things you don't do.

There can be no Absolute Bounder, and I'm beginning to think no Middle Class.

The Dangers of Cricket.

WORCESTERSHIRE'S BIG COLLAPSE.

CHAMPAIN'S LEG BREAKS.

Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

Thank heaven the casualties were so slight.

How the Poor Live.

"As a matter of fact the big provincial variety houses can afford this identical figure to a well-known male impersonator, who, indeed, rarely earns less than £250 a week, when starving."—*Dublin Evening Herald*.

This makes *The Times*' observation on the poverty of £2,000 a year seem almost a platitude.

The Cabinet Trick.

"LAD wanted for entering desk; must have good references."—*Evening Times*.

MOONSHINE.

(By an Elderly Misogynist.)

EVENING has spread her grey-toned wings in flight;
The skies are clear; and, like a great balloon,
Charming the young hours of the amorous night,
Looms the romantic Moon.

How full She looks! With what complacent pride
She weaves Her spells! "In such a night," methinks,
"Did young Lorenzo" dally with his bride,
Jessica (little minx!).

"In such a night," by yon same Orb inspired,
Juliet engaged the love-lorn youth below
In pleasing talk, and gloomily enquired
Why he was Romeo.

"In such a night"—but why prolong the theme?
Thou placid Regent of the starry host,
A night like this would freshen Love's young dream
E'en in a very ghost.

O Thou that artfully didst lure abroad
The vague Endymion, Thou that didst attend
The vigils of the gentleman in Maud
Up to the bitter end;

Pagans of old raised temples to Thy Name,
And did due homage to Thy perfect Round;
Their rites, no doubt, were wrong, but all the same
The main idea was sound.

For O DIANA, great indeed art Thou!
O Goddess, as it was in early days,
The old, old game is going on! E'en now,
Wherever fall Thy rays,

The lover, buoyed upon their silvery flood,
Dashes off reams of vivid epithet,
Which, if he thinks them over in cold blood,
He'll probably regret.

Now, too, the army of our moonstruck bards
With brilliant freshness beg "yon argent Moon"
To bear some lyric love their kind regards,
Hoping to see her soon;

And, round me here, in garden and in glade,
Highest alike with lowest, lord and lout,
The daughter of the manor, and the maid
Who has her evening out,

All, all—or all, at any rate, who can—
Bask in Thy beams, and air their moony wiles;
And I must be about the one wise man
In half-a-dozen miles.

Sail on, Old Moon! In all Thine orby prime,
Sail on! They little think, who dally thus,
How brief a step it is from the sublime
To the ridiculous.

Me, I embrace my quiet as a boon,
As these must do before they're middle-aged—
So wise am I!—and yet—oh, Moon, Moon, Moon!
I wish I was engaged!

DUM-DUM.

THE *Cork Constitution* says that "the extraordinary rush of traffic this year makes it impossible to ioooioc tae taa oioio iinn etshandrlndrsh." Opinion is divided as to whether this is the Irish language or the new spelling, but in any case we are inclined to agree with the writer.

THE LITTLE HORSES.

(From the Peasqueak Papers.)

THAT there are not only great evils but also great fascinations in gambling I know only too well from personal experience. Not that I have gambled myself; I never did so. I promised my grandfather I would never touch a card, and I have kept my word—a card, that is, of this nature; but I have often played "Snap" with my brother's children, and I remember once joining in a mad and merry game of "Old Maid" at Dr. FORRESTER's at Bristol, after we returned, in a somewhat skittish mood, from a lecture on the excavations in Pompeii by a learned man whose name for the moment I forget. The most interesting game of cards, however, which I recollect was a prolonged duel at "Patience" on a snowy night in 1888 with the widow of GEORGE LAMPETER the astronomer, a shrewd and kindly old lady, whose father was one of the pioneers of the oil-cake industry. Cards, however, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, I have never touched, and Bridge is a sealed book to me.

But of gambling I know something, having been to Dieppe one summer several years ago, and stood for a while watching the players at the *petits chevaux* tables—so called from the little toy horses which revolve in the centre and determine the losses and gains of those that are speculating. I learned something that day of this fierce passion of gambling, not only as it grips and controls our mercurial neighbours, but our countrymen also—for among the eager crowd that thronged the room were not a few faces which I perceived to be English by certain characteristics that could not escape any one at all skilled in physiognomy, and among them one familiar to me, for it was that of my old municipal associate, B—. He had left our borough some years before and migrated, it was understood, to London, where I had heard of him now and then as doing fairly well at the Bar. It was a surprise to me to find him here, in this company, and more than a surprise—a source of regret—to see the easy way, as to the manner born, if one could be born to such sophistication, in which he tossed his money on the green board—a franc here, a two-franc piece there, and sometimes even a five-franc piece, for there was heavy gambling on this occasion.

It was very interesting to watch the different types of gamblers—those who bore their losses and their gains with composure; those who trembled beneath their winnings, and those again in whose pockets I seemed to see the fatal revolver or poisoned phial. An electric excitement seemed to be in the air. I saw one Frenchwoman, apparently of gentle birth, win at one *coup*, as it is called, as much as fourteen francs by putting a two-franc piece on the seven. I saw another but more reckless gambler, also a woman, lose eight francs one after the other, and then get up and walk desperately away—no doubt to throw herself into the sea. I should, I know, have gone out after her, but my wife might have misunderstood my motives; and my interest in the play, I must admit, also deterred me.

How long I was standing there I cannot say, while money changed hands with incredible celerity, but suddenly I was aware that B— was speaking to me. He was asking me to lend him a louis, having lost all his ready money, some thirty-five francs, at the game. After some deliberation as to whether or not I ought to do so, I took the coin from my purse and handed it to him. He asked me to assist him to a number on which to place it, and after considerable hesitation and not a little urging on his part I advised 2, which had, I noticed, turned up already more often than any other number. He placed the louis on it, and breathlessly we watched the little horses run. Judge of my excitement when the second horse won by half a neck, and my friend was the recipient not only of the louis he had put on, but of seven others.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. 2.

(Told by a Member.)

—"THE SUBJECT FOR THE MONTH BEING 'A STUDY OF ACTION,' MAJOR SNAPHAM, THE HON. SECRETARY AND ONLY MALE MEMBER, SUGGESTED A DAY WITH THE OTTER HOUNDS, AS OFFERING SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES, AS HE EXPRESSES IT, OF 'OBTAINING VALUABLE RECORDS OF ANIMATED NATURE.'"

I seized him by the arm and dragged him away with his winnings. "Let us leave off at that," I said: "surely it is wiser." He agreed, and we all left the Casino, as it is called, together. Once outside he obtained change, and handed me first my louis, and then three louis and a half. "That is your share," he said. I was horrified. To have been even a silent, quiescent participator in such heavy play was, I felt, sufficiently undesirable; but to partake of the booty—No! MARIA, however, so squeezed my arm that I weakly acquiesced; and that is why, when I read of the breaking of the bank at Monte Carlo, I am unable to condemn the practice as heartily as I feel an ex-Mayor ought to.

Too OLD AT SEVENTY-ONE.—"At a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Howell's School, the Governors proposed to establish a preparatory department for girls between the ages of eight and seventy years."—*South Wales Echo*.

THE Kent v. Middlesex match turns out to have been even more important than was at first supposed. We refer particularly to an announcement in *The Evening News* which ran, "First three wickets fall behind the stumps." This is an extraordinary feat, and we should say the batsman was certainly out. But other things were happening as well, and *The Westminster Gazette* calls attention to the "Square-leg cut for four" with which HUTCHINGS won the match. The destination of the Championship was a slight matter after all this.

It must not be supposed that the world stands still in the Silly Season. Great changes are always taking place in some quarter of the globe, and it has just been announced that SIR JOHN BAMFORD SLACK has added a hyphen to his name and will in future be known as SIR JOHN BAMFORD-SLACK.



Tourist. "WASN'T THERE A GREAT BATTLE FOUGHT ABOUT HERE?"

Village Dame. "AH, I DO MIND IT WHEN I WERE A GELL, I DO. THEY WAS —"

Tourist. "BUT, MY GOOD WOMAN, THAT WAS NEARLY SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO!"

Village Dame (unabashed). "DEAR, DEAR! HOW TIME DO FLY!"

THE MUSE THAT FAILED.

[A writer in *The Westminster Gazette* recommends the composition of poetry as a cure for sea-sickness.]

"THE wind is fresh, and a comb
Of foam
Decks every dancing wave.
Then come to sea,
Sweet Muse, with me,
And sing me a sailor's stave.
The motion of ocean
I do not fear,
However it swell and roll,
So thou be near
With thy pipe to cheer
My embryo Viking soul."

My dainty Muse looked neat
And sweet
In her dress of navy-blue;
She stepped aboard,
And down the fjord
On the wings of the wind we flew.
Light-hearted we started
With laughter low,
And as we crossed the bar

I sang "Yeo-ho! Let the loud winds
blow!"

And lighted a big cigar.

Astern the following blast

Blew fast,

Ahead the waves looked grey;

They rose and fell

With the long ground swell,

And I flung my weed away.

And whirling and curling

They wildly played,

And over the gunwale broke,

So I turned for aid to my tuneful maid,
But never a word she spoke.

"Tune up! Tune up!" with a sigh
Said I,

"And sing me a Viking strain

To make the foam

Seem more like home

And set me at ease again.

Come, fire me! Inspire me

To steer my craft

And to gaze unmoved on the scene

When the wind is aft and the wave
abaft—

Whatever "abaft" may mean.

I ceased, but in answer no word

Was heard;

My Muse scarce noticed me;

Her head she shook

With a far-away look,

And a sorrowful sigh sighed
she.

"Sing quick, love! I'm—sick,
love!

My courage dies.

Please, please, sweet Muse, make
haste

To exorcise these qualms that rise
About my nautical waist."

As I spoke my Muse was seen
Sea-green;

She clutched at her pilot coat,

And with a moan

And a hollow groan

She flew to the side of the boat.

Faith shattered, hope scattered,

My heart beat fast;

Gone—gone was my Viking pride.

I gazed aghast at the wobbling mast,
Then followed my Muse to the
side.



TWISTING THE LION'S TONGUE.

FATHER TIME (*closely examining small incision in tree-trunk*). "WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO CUT THIS TREE DOWN?"
"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT (*in manner of young George Washington*). "FATHER! I KANNOT TEL A LI. I DID IT WITH MY LITL AX."
FATHER TIME. "AH WELL! BOYS WILL BE BOYS!"

PRATTLE OF MY DEAD PAST.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. George Moore.)

I.

This evening as I sat at my window in the Temple and watched the twilight creeping along the Embankment, like a pickpocket, or a girl who has forgotten the address of her lover, I became conscious that a definite resolution was forming itself within me. It came slowly, as twilight comes, or the Celtic revival, or a literary style. And the resolution was that I would write a volume of memoirs. Half unwittingly, as I sat there, I had already begun to turn the pages of my recollection, to read again the histories that my youth had inscribed upon them. And as I did so I saw quite clearly just why it was that the twilight had brought me this resolve. Twilight on a summer evening in London, is blue—blue as the faint smoke of a *cigarette-des-dames*. But my memories would be bluer still.

II.

It goes without saying that it would be of Paris that I should write. No recollections worth reading are about any other place. Even SHERARD, they tell me— But to return to my subject. Paris! picturesque, impressionist, anecdotal Paris! City of the Quarter, and of

that Bohemianism that is so dear to the circulating libraries; the very names of whose streets, printed in italics, are a decoration to the page. *Rue de Copie*, for instance—could anything be more delightful, more subtly evocative of memories? It was in the *Rue de Copie* that I used to meet CLARICE. She was a waitress at the *café* next-door to the post-office. Or was it on the opposite side? One forgets. But it is of CLARICE herself that I should like to tell you, and of a foolish fond adventure that befell us two in company.

[Excuse me, but is there any danger?—Ed.]

None at present.—AUTHOR.]

I wonder if there is anything in the world more finely spring-like than the lime-trees in the *Rue de Copie* on a fresh Sunday morning in May! They are green, green and tremulous like a bashful lover; and above them stretches the great sky, studded all over with those little white clouds that always remind me of the most delicate under-linen. I think I must have a talent for these refreshing comparisons. A woman whom I had loved fondly once said to me, "What a mind you have got!"—and she was right.

CLARICE had tresses of a richer, more metallic gold than any woman I ever saw, except one. And how adorably *chic* she seemed to me in her Sunday best, worn as only a Frenchwoman can wear it. The skirt, I remember, rather full at the waist and gathered round the ankles into—

[Does this matter?—Ed.]

It isn't absolutely essential, but I thought you might like it.—AUTHOR.]

Miss it out.—Ed.]

Then of course would arise the great question of where we should breakfast;

but before this was settled there were other matters still more important to attend to.

"Dear, do you think I look well to-day?"

"You are perfect! The public will devour you; you will be even more popular than the improper passages of EVELYN INNES."

"Yet you could write a book about her!"

"Sweetheart, I will do the same for you. A long book, with an index and cross-references—a book that shall be prohibited at SMITH'S and MUDIE'S. Will that satisfy you, little Puss?"

"Perfectly. What shall you call it?"

"I think, dearest, that '*Reticences I Have Refrained From*' would be an appropriate title."

After this I remember that we kissed each other thirty-seven times, and proceeded to

the railway station. Unhappily, however, at the station we ran against CLARICE'S husband, and, less fortunate than in the affairs of ANNETTE and the *commerçant's* wife, I was subjected to some distressing violence. Later on in the day, I lost my note-book, and so I cannot tell you exactly where and how many times I was kicked. Especially as I was looking the other way at the time.

III.

Of all the women that I ever published, the souvenir of none returns to me with a more wistful melancholy than that of LUCETTE. Sweet, demure-looking



A BORN BLACKLEG.

British Workman. "OH, I SAY, 'ERE! 'ANG IT ALL, MR. KEIR 'ARDIE! I'VE SEEN SOME RUMMY WORKING-MEN IN MY TIME, BUT THIS 'ERE ONE—OH, LOR!!"

["As a member of the Labour Party, he was going to stand up for the Zulus or any other race or people who were being treated unjustly under the British Flag. He stood up for working-men at home, and he did so for working-men in South Africa."—Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., at Ayr.]

At the corner of the street I am detained for a moment by the necessity I am under of buying a note-book, because, in those generous warm-hearted days of my youth, to go on a love-errand without a note-book would be a *gaucherie* unthinkable. In retrospect I see myself issuing from the shop with the volume under my arm, a ledger bound in faded green leather and with a special column for "Kisses received."

So I come to the rendezvous, and there is CLARICE already waiting, and after an embrace or two we walk away together joyously under the laburnums that are not more golden than her hair.

LUCETTE! To this day the fragrance of printer's ink will bring her image clearly to my memory. We used to call her "The Dove," a fact which inspired VERLAINE to one of his most characteristic poems:—

"Le front du pigeon est austère,
Mais hélas! pour sa vie!
Vraiment je ne sais pas, ma chère,
Tout ce qu'il fait chez lui!"

I recollect one delightful fête which it was my good fortune to spend in her company at Barbazon. We were returning in the evening twilight, and had just exchanged hats, as is the pretty custom of youthful lovers in those parts, when by an unlucky accident her husband, who

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.]

"COLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(By a Caddie.)

IV.

YUMIN nachure is a kurius thing. I dunno whether this thort 'as okkurred to other peeple, but I sees the truth of it more clearly every day. You may studdy a man fer weeks and think as 'ow you know 'im inside out, and then, when you try to make some use of 'is pecoliarities, they ain't working that day, or else some little hannoying trifle spiles your well lade skeems. Sich was the sad case of Mister Hoc-

TAVIUS GLENWISTLE and my frend CHAWLEY MARTIN.

Mister GLENWISTLE is an oldish jentleman now, but in 'is day 'e 'as been a famus eggsplore. Jeograffy never being my strong point, I dunno eggsackly where 'e went eggsplore, or why 'e did it. CHAWLEY MARTIN, 'oo's jenerally 'is caddie, is my himformant, and some days 'e will 'ave it that Mister GLENWISTLE would once 'ave reached the Pole if 'is boots 'adn't giv out, and at other times 'e hinsists that it was Africer that 'e visited. I dunno, meself; per'aps the old jentleman 'as been to both them regins in 'is time. But any'ow all is agreed that once 'e liyed for nearly three weeks upon an

oldish poodle dawg—which is an orfull thort.

Sich an eggspereience must leeve its mark upon any man, 'owever strong. It 'as left its mark upon Mister HOCTAVIUS GLENWISTLE. Every blade of 'air 'as vannished from 'is scalp, and 'is face is a sort of dark brick colour wif light eyebrows. 'E still suffers from sunstroke, and CHAWLEY MARTIN 'as to carry a large red umbereller round the links to perfect 'is 'ead.

I dunno whether it's the sunstroke, or whether it's 'is ondying remorce for that pore faithfull poodle, but Mister

frend. All went well in the morning, excep' that Mister GLENWISTLE fell into a sort of dream upon the seventh green and 'ad to be rarsed by CHAWLEY. It may 'ave been Eskimo that 'e spoke to the boy when 'e'd touched 'im jently on the arm, but it sounded wuss—much wuss.

'Owever, we comes back at one to the club-'ouse, red umbereller and all, like *Robbinson Crusoe*, and they goes into lunch. Whilst they're still laying into the grub like winking, I and CHAWLEY MARTIN, 'aving eaten our own frugil meal, sit down near the club-'ouse and

begin to pollish up their clubs. We fell a-talking about the great sience of golf, getting quite 'eated in a little while, and at last CHAWLEY, to illerstrate 'is own mistakin theery, gets upon 'is 'ind legs. 'E takes Mister GLENWISTLE's best driver from 'is bag and shows me what 'e calls "a full swing, wif every ounce of weight and rist and musel crammed into it."

I was afeared 'ow it would be. The length of the club mastered 'im. 'E 'it the onoffending turf a crewel blow, and there was a narsty crack. 'E sits down beside me wif a garasp, and we looks at Mister GLENWISTLE's pet driver wif the 'ead 'arf off.

"What's to be done, 'ENERY?" 'e

ses, after a sort of sickly pawse.

Fer my part I'd been thinking 'ard, me brain being better than most.

"There's three courses open to you, CHAWLEY, me lad," I ses quietly. "You can do a guy at once, and not come back—that's one; or you can tell Mister G. as you've been fooling wif 'is clubs—that's another," I ses, and waited fer 'is response.

"Let's ear the third," 'e ses gloomily. "Deceat is aborrent to my nachure," I ses.

"But you're made diferent, CHAWLEY. You could make use of 'is absentmindedness and let 'im think as 'e broke it 'isself. 'Old it out to 'im wif a sort of winning smile, when 'e comes, and say as 'ow you're afrade it will 'ave



LADY, WITH £10,000 AT COMMAND, MAKES ADVANCES. MRS. —, — STREET, SHEFFIELD.
Advertisement in "Sheffield Daily Telegraph."

GLENWISTLE suffers terrible from absent-mindedness. 'E 'as been known to swing up 'is great, red umbereller upon the tee and try to drive wif that, and CHAWLEY MARTIN allus 'as to watch 'im keerfull to see what 'e'll be up to next. 'E 'ates to be disturbed when in one of 'is mooning fits, and is apt to swear terrible in some forrin' langwidge, which CHAWLEY thinks is Eskimo; but still 'e's a jentleman all over, is Mister HOCTAVIUS GLENWISTLE. 'Is tips is 'andsome, and it don't give 'im no pleshure to repport an 'armless lad.

One Sunday lately 'e came down wif a frend for an 'ole day's golf. CHAWLEY MARTIN, as yusual, was 'is caddie, and I ondertook the manidgement of the



CIRCE.

Old Woman. "ERE Y' ARE, SIR! SHERBET COOLERS 'APENNY A GLASS. THIRTEEN GLASSES FOR SIXPENCE."

to be mended after all. It's a fair sportin' chavnce," I ses.

"'ENERY, you're a fair marvel!" 'e ses, after pondering fer a minute. "I'll try it on," 'e ses. And so we left it.

I didn't see the meeting between Mister GLENWISTLE and 'is well-meaning caddie, becos my klient sent me to get 'im a ball, but when I came back I seed as 'ow CHAWLEY was sniffing slightly, and 'is large outstanding ears was reddened. 'Is manner was coldish like to me, but when the two 'ad drivin, I arsked 'im what 'ad 'appened.

"'E just boxed me ears," CHAWLEY ses, "and told me as 'ow 'e'd repport me if I lied to 'im agen," 'e ses.

Fer once I was reely taken aback.

"I can't make it out, CHAWLEY," I ses. "Where was 'is yusual absentmindedness? It just shows as 'ow you can't depend on nuthing in this world! Did you do as I told you, winning smile and all?" I asks 'im.

"Yuss, I did," 'e ses, snappish like. "But it seems as 'ow 'is interfering friend 'appened to look out of the club-house when I was showing you that swing, and seed it all. Another time you can keep your winning smiles and your fat-eaded hadvice to yourself, 'ENERY WILKS!" 'e ses.

I didn't answer 'im, remembering 'ow 'is 'uge progecting ears was tingling, but I ses to meself, "So much, 'ENERY WILKS, fer yumin gratitood!"

Commercial Candour. FOR SALE.

Over 1000 Travellers' Samples of
TEA CLOTHS, TRAY CLOTHS, &c., &c.,
at about Quarter and Half less than
usual prices.

They won't last long—they are too
cheap for that.—*Forfar Dispatch.*

FROM the placard-board of the *Financial News* (temporarily disengaged) at a
Devonport newsagent's:—

Financial News.

Now Ready

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN.

ONLY THEIR LITTLE JOKE.—"Eighteen
passengers complained of injuries, but
none of these were believed to be
serious."—*Wolverhampton Express.*

SECRETS OF THE PUBLISHING TRADE.—
"A Sealed Book (WARD, LOCK & Co.)."

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

A CERTAIN Play began with a realistic
Representation of the interior of a Laun-
dry, in the middle of which was a great
Stove, whereon the Washerwomen placed
their Irons to heat them, making a
mighty Pretence of its Potency in that
regard, though in truth it was but
painted Cloth and Wood.

And it chanced that one night a Kitten
wandered upon the Stage, and was in
some danger of impeding the Perform-
ers, if not of being itself trampled
upon. Seeing which the principal
Blanchisseuse (who was an Actress well
known for her kind heart) picked up
the little Creature and placed it out of
harm's way upon the top of the Stove;
whereupon it curled itself up amongst
the red-hot Irons and went to sleep.
Nevertheless the Washerwomen were
impeded in their efforts to make the
Scene go.

Moral.—One touch of Nature makes
the Stage seem thin.

Do Women Help?

"READER.—Gentleman wants lady with
leisure five forenoons weekly, 9.30—12; 10s.
monthly."—*Scotaman.*

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

VI.

WAR (continued).

ONE of our most notable achievements was the entire subjugation of "The

Club at a certain fashionable Square on a certain day. Shortly before this we had been called poltroons by one of their number. The Captain now saw a chance of a coup. On the day in question we mustered every man we could place in the field, and met at a secret rendezvous. The Captain then gave us

though outnumbered, we won ultimately, and the police did not appear upon the scene until the Blue Bloods were in full retreat. It was on this occasion that I saved the Captain's life. A great black beast like an undertaker had downed the little fellow. With the words, "You lily-livered hound!" I flew at the black beast's throat, and half throttled him. I got bitten in the leg; but what cared I? The Captain escaped, and I had saved his life.

Yes, we were nearly always successful, though our enemies often circulated lying reports to the contrary. In fact, I can only remember one genuine defeat. That was the Barking fiasco. We felt one day that we would like to take on an easy job for a change. Someone suggested, "Why not make a raid on Barking? Barking dogs don't bite, you know." It seemed to us a good idea, and we set out. It was a long way off, and we were tired when we arrived there. Suddenly, while we were looking round, we were ourselves attacked by as ugly a swarm of dogs as you ever saw. Amusingly, they called us "toffs." We were completely taken by surprise, and not one of us escaped without injury. Even the Captain suffered a slight contusion, though I looked after him as well as I could. I myself had one of my ears split. You never saw such a tatterdemalion crew as we were after the fight. On the Captain's instructions, each of us returned home by a different route, as it would have been bad for the prestige of the Club for us to be seen in a body in that condition. So much fur was lost that day that several members caught



This was the sign of surrender.

Upper Ten," whose overbearing demeanour had become intolerable to us. They were all big fellows, and it was an uphill struggle. It lasted two days. The first day we reduced them to "The Upper Eight," The Map disabling one and I another. The next morning The Hippopotamus put a third out of action, and I lamed their leader. In the afternoon this leader limped up to the Captain, turned over on his back, and flung up his legs. This was the sign of surrender. The Captain led him aside and terms were discussed. As finally agreed, they were generous—far too generous, in my opinion. The Upper Ten were to cease from insulting us either in speech or by gesture, they were always to address us as "Sir" when they spoke to us, and to stand aside as we passed. That was the end of The Upper Ten.

The Blue Bloods, however, were our chief enemies. They were a powerful organisation, and it was only due to the superior generalship of the Captain that we were ultimately able to inflict a blow on them from which they never really recovered. The Captain on this occasion showed superb strategy. By-the-by, I do not think I have mentioned yet that the Captain's people called him "Nap," which is short for Napoleon, who was a great General something like the Captain. Curiously enough, I have been told, he too was of small stature.

Information had reached us that the Blue Bloods were to hold a business meeting to discuss the affairs of their

our directions. We were split up into three parties, and each of such parties, at a given signal, was to rush into the Square by a different road, and surprise and overcome the enemy.

The plan was completely successful. It was a glorious fight, lasting two hours. A number of tradesmen's boys kept the ring, pailfuls of blue blood ran, ladies fainted and shrieked, but,



I flew at the black beast's throat.

severe colds, and it is supposed that the seeds of consumption which ultimately carried off the Pipe-Cleaner were then sown. My own idea is that the Barking dogs had been warned of our coming—I believe by a former member of the Club whom the Captain had expelled with ignominy a short time before for telling falsehoods. I met this dog on my way back, and I fancied he smiled. Anyhow, he will not smile again.

THE DANGER OF WORDS WITH TWO MEANINGS.

That Barking affair showed the danger of ambiguous words. A very dear friend of mine met with his death from the same cause. He was told of a clever dog who, upon receiving a copper from his master, would run with it to a neighbouring baker's and obtain in exchange quite a quantity of biscuits. My friend upon hearing this thought he would do likewise. So he went out and fastened his teeth into the first policeman he met, and tried to drag him into a confectioner's. The copper, however, resisted strenuously, and in the scuffle that ensued my poor friend received a blow on the head which proved fatal.

EXOTIC SENTIMENT;

OR, CUPID THE GLOBE-TROTTER.

PYRRHA, you state that modern youth
Has quite forgotten how to woo,
For elder sons are void of ruth,
And rare as dodos at the Zoo,
And, when secured, they somehow lack
The grace of old, the genuine smack.

But goodness! what can you expect?
The boudoir-god we once obeyed
Has had his retail business wrecked
By novelists who run the trade;
Al fresco scenes of vast expanse
Are now essential to romance.

Our fiction writers never start
Their crisis where a ball-room hums,
Nor stab the pulp of EDWARD's heart
Severely during kettle-drums;
A Himalayan mountain-gorge
Is where his dream comes true to GEORGE.

He spends no time in social tact,
No trite remarks, as we are used,
But, waiving these (besides the fact
That they were never introduced),
He plunges where the geysers spout
And hauls his damaged DAPHNE out.

Or else some forest (strange to Cook)
Receives them—unattached before,
And Time and Space (to quote the book)
For several hours exist no more—
A period which the author fills
By notes upon the neighbouring hills!



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Fiancée. "How do you like my new shoes, Bobby?"

Bobby (enthusiastically). "By Jove! THEY'RE IMMENSE!"

[Wishes himself at bottom of river.]

The hero coming (like a wine)
Almost directly from the wood,
Assumes a stature half-divine;
The maiden's *début* too is good;
Icebergs, or else the tropic air,
Have made perfection doubly fair.

PYRRHA, if you and I had met
In some remote Peruvian spot,
Who knows? In such a background set
We might have spliced the nuptial
knot;
But love amid a social mob
Appears to miss the vital throb.

Here, where we snatch beneath the rose
Seconds ridiculously short,
Can you expect me to propose
Like lovers of the cheerful sort,
For whom the mountain torrent's drone
Is charmed to act as chaperon?

No; but in days to come, I think
If ever, radiantly fair,
Your road with mine you chance to
link,
Among Brazilian woods, or where
Aurora Boreales smile,
I then could do the thing in style.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Confessions of a Princess (JOHN LONG) is one of those diaries—a hallowed device—which profess to be intended for no other eye than the author's. Who, in this case, is the owner of the eye we are not to know, but I assume that she is without honour in her own country, for the book purports to be from the German; and I cannot at the moment think of any German-speaking neighbourhood in which it would not be suppressed on the ground of *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

The author prattles along with a pleasant garrulity, and her work has a certain *vraisemblance* derived either from personal intimacy with German Courts or from general gossip. A recent scandal at the Saxon Court seems to be indicated as the origin of what is most objectionable in the book. The *Princess's* amours—of which only the first presents any attractions—become nauseating by repetition, and are a needless excrescence on a narrative which is sufficiently entertaining without their assistance. This book cannot be recommended to *jeunes filles* or to Socialists. There is a Publisher's note at the beginning which advances the fairly reasonable proposition that "the *Confessions* must be judged for what they are, and not for what they might be." This should be helpful to the critics.

Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, which also issues from the house of JOHN LONG, is by HUBERT WALES. This Mr. WALES—both on minor internal evidence and because his subject is a "delicate" one—I take to be a woman. When one has admitted that the main theme has been handled with a tolerable avoidance of grossness, one has said all that is to be said in the book's favour. It is trivial in detail, and the edification it offers is of the thinnest.

The Woman's Victory is the kind
Of book which more than most, perhaps, is
Fitted to soothe with peace of mind
A journey's intersomnial lapses.

Therein has MAARTEN MAARTENS packed
Upwards of twenty several chances
Of brief delight. It is, in fact,
A book of short, detached romances.

Most of the tales are excellent,
Though some, to say the least, are tame work—
A wealth of clever labour spent
Upon a somewhat flimsy framework.

Still, faults are few; and he will err
Who tells you (thinking to dishearten
A CONSTABLE, the publisher)
"It's all my eye and Betty Maarten."

In *The Eglamore Portraits* (METHUEN) MARY E. MANN tells of the trials of a newly-married couple—*Clarence* and *Juliet*. A woman's man is never quite the real thing, and in any case a man called *Clarence* is bound to be suspected; yet Mrs. MANN's hero is, with it all, a good fellow, whom one would hail gladly at any time. He had, however, a habit of "setting his under teeth below his upper, and projecting his lower lip" when angry. I found myself doing this all through the book with *Clarence*—I suppose one gets into it at last. *Clarence* had a lot of practice, because he was always quarrelling with *Juliet*. She is delightfully drawn; the most life-like heroine I have ever met. There are other characters in the book, some pleasant, some unpleasant, but all realistic. Mrs. MANN has a nice, quiet, humorous way with her, and she has written a very charming story. Only she should not have let the mother-in-law die; one has no time to get into the mood for it, hateful though that person was.

"Yet something flashed before him then, swift illuminating

... he knew it now; knew that he had missed it somehow, somewhere." This is a quotation from the last chapter of *The Bar* (METHUEN). If the reader cannot make head or tail of it, he has the sincere sympathy of what a contributor to one of the morning papers persistently alludes to as "the present writer." Never in a pretty long and varied experience did the latter come upon such a tangle of a narrative. Many characters come and go. Nearly every one has his or her secret, darkly hinted at in unfinished sentences; revealed never... The only comprehensible thing in the story is the sea,

blindly beating about the Bar, angry because it cannot make out what's the matter with *Captain Armstrong*, *Jesse* the smith, *Cap'n Dave*, *Jenefer*, and, above all, *Ransome*. Among a list of books by the same author is one called *The Price of Youth*. It is equal to the cost of conscientiously reading *The Bar*, by MARGERY WILLIAMS. The effort is also a little hard on middle age.

The Royal Irish Constabulary.

WE beg to call the attention of the Royal Humane Society to these two extracts from the *Down Spectator* :—

"A cycle accident happened at the foot of Main Street yesterday, when a young lady failed to avert running over a child that got into her way. Constable M'CANN ably picked the child up before any injury worth mentioning was done."

"The prompt action of Constable STEVENSON, of the Donaghadee R.I.C., averted what would undoubtedly have proved a nasty and serious accident on Friday last. When rounding a sharp corner a young lady cyclist came in contact with the curb, which threw her violently towards the wall, when Constable STEVENSON, who fortunately happened to be in the vicinity, with great presence of mind rushed forward and caught her just in time to avert the young lady from coming in contact with the wall of a building at the scene of the accident. No damage resulted to the machine, and the young lady, after thanking the constable, mounted her bicycle and proceeded on her journey. This is not the first occasion on which Constable STEVENSON has displayed his presence of mind and prompt action in time of danger."



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.